

MARBLE HILL PRESS.

Vol. 15.

Marble Hill, Missouri, Thursday, October 3, 1895.

No. 22.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

CAPE GIRARDEAU.

Jack Frost paid us a visit Sunday morning.

Enrollment at the Normal the first month, 215.

Work on the Normal building is progressing satisfactorily.

There have been quite a number of deaths in the Cape recently.

Rev. A. S. Ishida, the Japanese, preached here Monday evening.

The steamboats have been occasionally "hanging up" on account of low water.

Quite a number of Bollinger county people have been in the Cape since my last communication.

Quite a number of people from the Cape attended the Methodist conference at Jackson Sunday. Bishop Galloway preached an excellent sermon from Galatians vi. 17, after which a class of nine were ordained as deacons, among whom was Rev. Louis Dehl of Bollinger county. A collection of \$270 to pay off a church debt was also made.

JAY A. ELL.

PATTON.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Asa Swindell, a fine girl.

An infant child of H. A. Bollinger died a few days ago.

R. L. Robinson and Frank Heitman were at Fredericktown last week.

Miss Mary Shirley, our teacher, is making a fine impression with her school.

J. B. Martin and wife were visiting relatives and friends at Fredericktown last week.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Knowles, a fine eight-pound boy. Success to you James.

There have been several cases of chills and fever in this vicinity, but proving.

Mrs. Pamela Smith and Caroline Sample of Fredericktown are visiting friends and relatives here for a few weeks.

J. B. Martin is preparing to do all the wood-sawing that may be needed in our town. Now is the time to prepare for winter.

A little child of George Albright died on the 29th of that dread disease diphtheria. The neighborhood should guard against the spread of the disease.

With best wishes for THE PRESS and democracy. PATTONITE.

ZALMA.

J. T. Wells was in our town Monday.

Postoffice inspector was here the other day.

Dr. Lages moved into his new residence Monday.

Mr. Sanborn made a flying trip to Puxico last week.

Democrats seldom look to a republican for support.

John McClane of near Jackson was in town Monday.

Mr. Gaines, a traveling man, was on our streets Thursday.

Holy Moses! but don't Loeffler soar high on the wing of his pen?

B. H. Bollinger and John Huff were in Marble Hill last Thursday.

Charles McDonald of Cape Girardeau spent a few days here last week.

Attorney W. K. Chandler of your town was in Zalma Saturday and Monday.

William Speer went to Hale's college last week to visit his son, Prof. A. J. Speer.

Loeffler's high-flown educational terms will soon be exhausted, and then where, O, where! will Loeffler be?

"I serve notice on you, now, that you can never receive my support." —Loeffler. Wouldn't a man be gloriously left, though, if Mr. Loeffler should fail to support him?

How I laugh when I hear some "smart aleck" guessing at my identity, especially when he shows that he hasn't any more idea who I am than "the man in the moon."

"Always stand by and uphold a friend." —Ananias. Use some of your own medicine, you base hypocrite! You have got Loeffler into

the soup, but are too cowardly and mean to stand by him when he sorely needs help.

Miss Nora Cabbage spent the latter part of the week in Marble Hill, where she went to have some dental work done. Why don't some dentist find his way to our town? There are several who would be glad for one to come here, and no doubt he would find all the work he could do.

If old greasy, from North Zalma, thinks there's any danger of my departing this life soon I want to be sure not to miss first denouncing him as the rankest darned fool in that hustling city. Go ahead; idiots don't live always, either, and are too green to burn when they do shuffle off the mortal coil.

SHAUN RUE.

SEDEGWICKVILLE.

Pleasant weather this week.

James Statler has again returned home.

Wheat sowing is the order of the day in this vicinity.

O. B. Kinder of Jackson was in our town last Friday.

Born—To the wife of Miles W. Seabough, Sept. 29, a girl.

Died—On the 23d ult., infant of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Statler.

Business seems to be improving some in this part of the county.

George H. Limbaugh is reported to be in very bad health at present.

Rev. Walton preached his farewell sermon here last Sunday night.

Bettle and Slaughter, the grocery and stove drummers, were in town last week.

Our public school opened here last Monday, with Eli J. Seabough as teacher.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Drum started to St. Louis last Tuesday to visit the exposition.

R. L. Fulbright and Miss Lillie Kurre visited friends and relatives at Daisy last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Sleeter, who travels for the Dittman boot and shoe company, was on our streets a few days ago.

Eli Hahs and Eli Seabough sold their steam thrasher a few days ago to some parties living out on Castor.

CLOSE OBSERVER.

Goldbug Silliness.

The poor old Courier-Journal, replying to some imaginary "silver freak," declares that the silver dollar was "not struck down" in 1873, because there were no silver dollars then in circulation, the silver dollar being at a premium. The supreme silliness of this kind of gibberish shows just how little thought the editor of the Courier-Journal has given to this question since Mr. Haldeman woke him up at 2:30 in the morning with an order to put on his pants, come to the office and change his views on the money question, and to be blanked quick about it, as it was about time to go to press. When Mr. Watterson was the prize "silver freak" of the whole menagerie, which he was up to 2:30 a.m. April 13, 1893, he could at least write something original; now he simply repeats whatever goose gabble he happens to hear from the gold standard press. Silver was not struck down, was not demonetized by the act of 1873, because it was not in circulation! Well, then, when was it demonetized? If the act of 1873 had never been passed would we not have free coinage of silver today? But the silver dollar was at a premium and was not in circulation. So the gold dollar was at a premium and was not in circulation—it was at a premium over the paper money of that time. According to the Watterson logic, therefore, if the act of 1873 had stopped the coinage of both gold and silver it would have made no difference. What every man of tolerable good sense knows is that the right of free coinage gives the debtor always the right to pay his debt in the cheaper metal, if one be cheaper than the other, while the single standard policy forces him to pay always in the dearer metal. The Courier-Journal also says that if there had been any silver dollars at that time it would have been the right policy to strike it down according to "free silver logic." There being absolutely no sense in this assertion, it is only worth while to say that the goldbug logic was to

demonetize the dearer metal in 1873, and the logic would be as good today as it was then. Farther slobbering, the Courier-Journal says that "the people of this country do not want a dollar that is worth one thing today and another to-morrow," and that "the only honest dollar is the 100-cent dollar." The gold dollar, then, is the very thing that the people do not want. Measure it by anything in the world except its precious self and its value has fluctuated widely and violently. But the "only honest dollar is the 100-cent dollar." Then there never was, and in the nature of things never can be, such a thing as a dishonest dollar, for there never was and never can be a dollar that is worth less than 100 cents, for the very simple reason that a cent is the hundredth part of a dollar. So long as the law holds good that the whole is equal to the sum of all its parts one dollar, whether the monetary standard be gold, silver, pewter or paper, will be worth 100 cents. It would have been just as sensible to have said that an honest dollar is a dollar that is worth two half dollars. It would be difficult to conceive of anything more nonsensical than this effort to test the stability of anything by measuring it by itself. The value of a gold dollar never changes because it is always worth 100 times as much as the 1-100 part itself! And the helpless imbeciles who jabber such foolhouse talk as this are set up as teachers of financial wisdom, instead of being sent to the goose-pot to converse with their kind! —Commercial Appeal.

An Extraordinary Situation.

The New York World, remarking upon the assurance of the syndicate that it will come to the assistance of the treasury from time to time, as occasion may warrant, exclaims: "But what an extraordinary situation it is when the treasury of the richest nation in the world must helplessly lean upon the purchased favor of a syndicate and the charity of the banks!"

To be sure! But what does our contemporary call riches? According to those who believe in the single gold standard, there are no other riches but gold. By adopting this standard we have made ourselves the poorest nation in the world for we have deliberately lowered the price of all our products. We have depreciated the price of our products, and we are now told that by raising the price we would depreciate our currency. In other words, higher prices would give us an "unsound" dollar. We hear very little of unsound wheat and cotton in this connection; but that is because the dealers in money and not the producers of commodities have the ear of the public.

We are surprised such a newspaper as The World should begin to flinch over a situation that it has helped to create. Why should the treasury of "the richest nation in the world" be on the verge of bankruptcy? It is very simple. Gold alone is now the measure and source of wealth. Gold has trebled in value. Commodities can no longer command an adequate supply of it. By cutting off the money supply we have doubled all debts, while the means of paying them are no greater now than they were twenty years ago, says the Atlanta Constitution.

As a consequence, those who think the single gold standard ought to be maintained make no bones of piling up the public debt to carry out their purpose. They say that the free coinage of silver would send our gold abroad. But our gold is going abroad now and there is nothing to take its place but debt. Gold might go out if the mints were open to silver, but at least we should be free from debt; at least we should have a supply of money coming in to take the place of the disappearing gold. As it is we have nothing but debt.

Admitting that gold would go out under the operations of the free coinage of silver, would matters be any worse than at present? Would they be as bad? Gold is going out now just as rapidly as it could go out if the mints were opened to silver. All that we have to show for it is the increase of the public

debt, and that is neither a remedy nor a palliative, for as soon as Europe has taken one dose of our bonds it wants another, and, in response to its demands, gold is going out.

We have been informed that the free coinage of silver would send our gold abroad, and that this would be a very horrible thing. But is it any the less horrible when our gold goes out without the free coinage of silver and we have nothing to show for it but an increase of debt? We pause for a reply!

He Had Been There.

When a healthy but hard-up looking man struck me for a dime as I crossed City Hall park the other afternoon, I said to him: "Why do you hang around New York and live in this way, when you could at least earn your board and clothes out in the country?"

"In which direction, for instance?" he asked.

"Why, go over among the Jersey farmers. They must want help this time of year."

"Do you know anything about the Jersey farmers?"

"Not much; but some of them would surely give you board and lodging to dig potatoes or husk corn."

"They would eh?" he smiled.

"My friend, don't you bank on the Jersey farmer if you don't want to get left. I've known him for these last ten years. See this scar on my head? D'ye notice that I limp in my walk? See how my nose has been broken? If I dared peel off here I could show you the scars of twenty different dog bites."

"Is the Jersey farmer to blame?" I asked.

"You are dead right he is!" was the reply. "I'll take my chances with trolley cars, police, bicycles, mad dogs, runaways, cloud bursts and cyclones, but I don't want to run up ag'in no Jersey farmer."

"What's wrong with him?"

"I never stopped to find out. Indeed, I never had time to stop. About the time I got through the gate and had my tale of woe worked up, the Jersey farmer and the Jersey building made it their business to jump me over the fence and run me into the next county. What, I've been found dead on the Jersey highways fourteen different times, and there's no giving figures on the times I've been mortally wounded! No sire-e! Tell me to go to Halifax if you feel a friendly interest in me, but don't try to work up no New Jersey farmer job on the undersigned!"

Chicago Record: Before the phonograph had become as well known as it now is a humorist wrote a clever story based on the fact that in the near future clergymen would cease to exist as social factors, as there would be no further use for them. The pulpit duties would be performed by an appropriately dressed lay-figure, into whose diaphragm a phonograph cylinder, containing the lessons and the sermons for the day had been fitted. The sound of the phonograph voice could be intensified so as to fill the largest building, and animation and suitable action could be imparted to the figure by an attachment which would actuate it automatically, according to the rise and fall of the voice. The other branches of ministerial work were to be equally well provided for. Resonant and eloquent cylinders were to be had for all kinds of public, social and domestic functions, and even in the case of a christening, a marriage or a funeral, instead of sending for a clergyman, a phonograph would be telephoned for. The story was looked upon, of course, as decidedly far fetched, and the writer intended it as a skit, not knowing that he had the gift of prophecy. A phonographic burial has actually been held at Coney Island. A 19-month-old infant, which had been exhibited in a tent on account of its abnormal size (it weighed ninety-two pounds) took pneumonia and died. When the funeral day came no clergyman could be found, and the mother would not have the child buried except according to the rites of the church to which she belonged. The undertaker had a phonograph, for which, as a professional courtesy, he had had the whole of the burial

RUN DOWN WITH
DYSPEPSIA
STOMACH
Liver
AND HEART
AFFECTED.
Almost in Despair
But Finally
CURED
By Taking
AYER'S PILLS

"For fifteen years, I was a great sufferer from indigestion in its worst forms. I tested the skill of many doctors, but grew worse and worse, until I became so weak I could not walk fifty yards without having to sit down and rest. My stomach, liver, and heart became affected, and I thought I would surely die. I tried Ayer's Pills and they helped me right away. I continued their use and am now entirely well. I don't know of anything that will so quickly relieve and cure the terrible suffering of dyspepsia as Ayer's Pills."—JOHN C. PRITCHARD, Brodie, Warren Co., N. C.

AYER'S PILLS
Received Highest Awards
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

service spoken into a number of cylinders. The friends of the mother gathered at the undertaker's house, and the service was reverently listened to. In due course the anthem was heard, sung by four well-blended voices, then the beautiful closing words of the service and the benediction, and the child was borne away to its last resting place.

President Fordyce of the Cotton Belt railroad company, in his report to the stockholders, says among other things, that arrangements have been perfected by which the company will have another and desirable outlet for their business (particularly lumber and cotton) by way of Delta to Cape Girardeau and the Chicago, Paducah & Memphis and Chicago & Texas railroads, to connect with the Wabash at Alton, Illinois. It is believed that the opening of this line will add much to the value of the property.—Cape Girardeau Democrat.

A Dexter dispatch of the 28th says: Kenny Ferguson, a young man living near Clarkton, was caught in the logging chain of an ox wagon while the animals were in motion and was so badly crushed before assistance reached him that he lived but fifteen minutes after the accident.

A Bonne Terre dispatch of the 28th ult. says: A fatal shooting affray occurred here this morning, adding another to a long list of saloon tragedies. During Friday night Joe Marler, the barkeeper at Wilkison's saloon, and Sam Waugh had trouble over a game of cards and this morning about 11 o'clock Waugh, having armed himself with a revolver, went to Wilkison's place intending to kill Marler on sight. Marler, however, had been warned of his intention and met him with a discharge from a double-barreled shot gun, from the effect of which he died in a few minutes.

Nancy Bennett, who died this week at the almshouse in Portland, Me., had been an inmate of that institution seventy-one years, or since she was 5 years old. She was not physically or mentally incapacitated, but was contented with her lot, and made herself useful and helpful to those around her.

Mr. Frankenberry, the man who waved the signal for General Sherman from which the song "Hold the Fort" was drawn, was at the Chickamauga dedication. He carries with him the same flag with which he waved the signal from the top of Kennesaw mountain and says he will keep the old banner until he dies and will it to his children as the most precious heritage he could leave them. From it he says his children will learn the lesson of American patriotism better than from anything he has to leave them.